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# Fetishise My Loneliness



isolation

lonely

horror

382 7 15

## Chapter 1 by Queerio Cheerio

I am carved out of the flesh of the lonely; a sacred race blessed by isolation and crawling skin (it sparkles in the light, or so it feels, for I'm sure everyone can see this traitorous carcass I'm stuck in, sure they can hear it shriek out my terror of their often passive faces and always judgemental eyes).

I am turned to dust by kindness and brought to the cusp of desperation by compliments, nailed to my crucifix. The world around me orgasms angrily as I lock my doors, lock my windows, lock my words, not so I can keep them all to myself but because out there be demons dressed in suits and dresses and armed with sentences and subtext. But the phone rings in the cavern of my skull and paper thin walls, they send emails, texts, messages written in my blood and-  
BreatheBreatheBreathe

*Stop.*

It's getting harder to function, being this blessed.

Chapter 2 by A-typeWriter

1/5

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Society evolves and the world advances. But what am I to do, what is my place in this society, one that changes so rapidly, leaving me behind, stunned.

Glad to be alone, but feeling so lonely. A dread caused by a lack of decision and the ability to. Good manners haunt me, the lesson taught in a wrong way, how do I respond to someone who does not know these manners or simply denies their existence? No one wants to answer me and in a way I am thankful for that.

Because deep down in my soul, I don't want them to answer. Deep down I don't want a place in their society and deep, deep down, in the very depths of my seemingly everlasting soul, I just want to be left on my own.

### Chapter 3 by Lunara Vonare



I know lonely, the way it knows me. Childhood friends, brotherly kin, and a damning pit inside my wonderful warmth of flesh, a calling, a friend. Loneliness is me and I, in return, am it. It is my calling, my breath of fresh air, my soul food and thoughtful banter. It is my blanket, my warmth and my pride. It is my beauty, my anger, my shakiness. Lonely is the only word I know and the only world I would dream of being royalty in. It is my legacy and my prophecy, my destiny, my fate.

And what is society when it comes to me and my good-natured darkness? Nothing. Not a damn thing. I am at peace with what these bitter lines have shaped me to be. Not necessarily one-of-a-kind, but one at peace. With the winter and smoke of my own desire and deeply knitted thoughts.

### Chapter 4 by Hassen Saadi



I need someone either fake or true,  
I need someone that gets me through.

I need my brother, my pride,

I need my sister by my side,

I need a friend close and dear,

I need a hand to cast away,

I need you to help me heal,

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I need you before i forget how to feel.

I need her eyes to stop crying,

I need my soul to stop dying .

I need the voices to stop screaming,

I need the dreams to stop dreaming.

I need your secret fire,

I need your flames of desire.

I need to end and restart,

I need to leave it all behind me and depart.

I need to turn down the lights,

I need your shadow to rule my nights.

I need you in the end,

all i need is a friend.

### Chapter 5 by theheidi doll



i'm the only one who listens, and who tells me what i want to hear...

how can i miss you if you won't go away?

i don't know if i can live without you, but i am dying to find out!

give me back my solitude; sweet loneliness is the only one who's never deserted me

### Chapter 6 by SarahLooLoo



Left in this wreckage, mangled and damaged. I am haphazard. I am zig-zag. Imagine the racing of rats. The orders barked out, the defacing of his-story in the making. Reality deprived and suspended the greedy do live. No purpose or intent, consent ready to give. No air to breathe not soiled in regret. No meaningful decisions to make, as they are deluded in ideology. And yet

there you are, coerced into suggestion, the state of happy

My soul famished. I am empty. Am I not? See more of Story Wars

Blodding and prodding you, or selfish roasting on spits

by day? Do you not see the truth? I am as you walk and talk

with no matching integrity? In your paper dresses and suits, you walk right by me!

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## Chapter 7 by Sophie



I am alone. I have no one to hold and I never will. Yet still, I crave the one thing I can never have, the feeling of us, just skin on skin. I crave the feeling of your hot breath on my cheek. I crave feeling your fingers threaded through mine. But then it all comes rushing back. And I remember. I remember that YOU are the reason I can never have any of this. You left me, in the wreckage that you created. You left me alone, mangled and broken. You made me into this hazardous mess. You caused me to shatter like this. You caused it with all your terrible words. With all your negative emotions. All those things you said, that made me want to break apart inside. That made me want to melt into the shadows where you can no longer criticize. And I am finally done with your ridicule. You have broken the most precious part of me. You have damaged my trust and compassion. You have ruined my kindness and confidence. You have reduced me to my insecurities. You slowly pulled me apart taking all of the pride and everything that makes me, me. But worst of all you caused me to lose all of that not only in myself but in the people I love. Leaving me all alone.

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